WE HAD HERE A LITTLE COMFORTABLE... WE HAD WHERE TO SIT.
REMEMBER, LITTLE ONE - NEVER TELL ANYBODY THERE ARE JEWS HERE. THEY'LL SHOOT US ALL!
YES, AUNT ANJA.
THE LITTLE BOY WAS VERY SMART AND HE LOVED VERY MUCH ANJA.
YOU HAD TO PAY MRS. MOTONOWA TO KEEP YOU, RIGHT?
OF COURSE I PAID... AND WELL I PAID.
...WHAT YOU THINK? SOMEONE WILL RISK THEIR LIFE FOR NOTHING?
...I PAID ALSO FOR THE FOOD WHAT SHE GAVE TO US FROM HER SMUGGLING BUSINESS.
BUT, ONE TIME I MISSED A FEW COINS TO THE BREAD...
I'LL PAY YOU THE REST TOMORROW, AFTER I GO OUT AND CASH SOME VALUABLES.
SORRY... I WASN'T ABLE TO FIND ANY BREAD TODAY.
ALWAYS SHE GOT BREAD, SO I DIDN'T BELIEVE... BUT, STILL, SHE WAS A GOOD WOMAN.
IN HIS SCHOOL THE BOY WAS VERY BAD IN GERMAN. SO ANJA TUTORED TO HIM.
ICH BIN... DU BIST.. ER IST...
SHE KNEW GERMAN LIKE AN EXPERT.
AND SOON HE CAME OUT WITH VERY GOOD GRADES.
MY TEACHER ASKED ME HOW I IMPROVED SO MUCH...
SO I TOLD HIM MY MOTHER WAS HELPING ME.
WHEW
HE WAS REALLY A CLEVER BOY.

BUT IT WAS A FEW THINGS HERE NOT SO GOOD... HER HOME WAS VERY SMALL AND IT WAS ON THE GROUND FLOOR...
BE SURE TO KEEP AWAY FROM THE WINDOW – YOU MIGHT BE SEEN!
NOK NOK
ONE MINUTE!
(QUICK-GET IN THE CLOSET!)
IF SOMEBODY CAME, WE HAD FAST TO HIDE.
A LETTER FROM YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. MOTONOWA.
THANKS.
BUT I HAD SOMETHING ALLERGIC IN THE CLOSET..
AAH-
OR MAYBE IT WAS A COLD-I CAN'T REMEMBER...
-CHMF
BUT ALWAYS I HAD TO SNEEZE.
STILL, EVERYTHING HERE WAS FINE, UNTIL ONE SATURDAY MOTONOWA RAN VERY EARLY BACK FROM HER BLACK MARKET WORK...
THIS IS TERRIBLE!
THE GESTAPO JUST SEARCHED ME-THEY TOOK MY GOODS!
THEY MAY COME SEARCH HERE ANY MINUTE! YOU'VE GOT TO LEAVE!
WHAT?
BUT WHERE CAN WE GO?
I DON'T KNOW. BUT YOU MUST GET OUT NOW!
OH MY GOD...THIS IS THE END!
ANJA STARTED TO CRY... BUT WE HAD NOT A CHOICE.

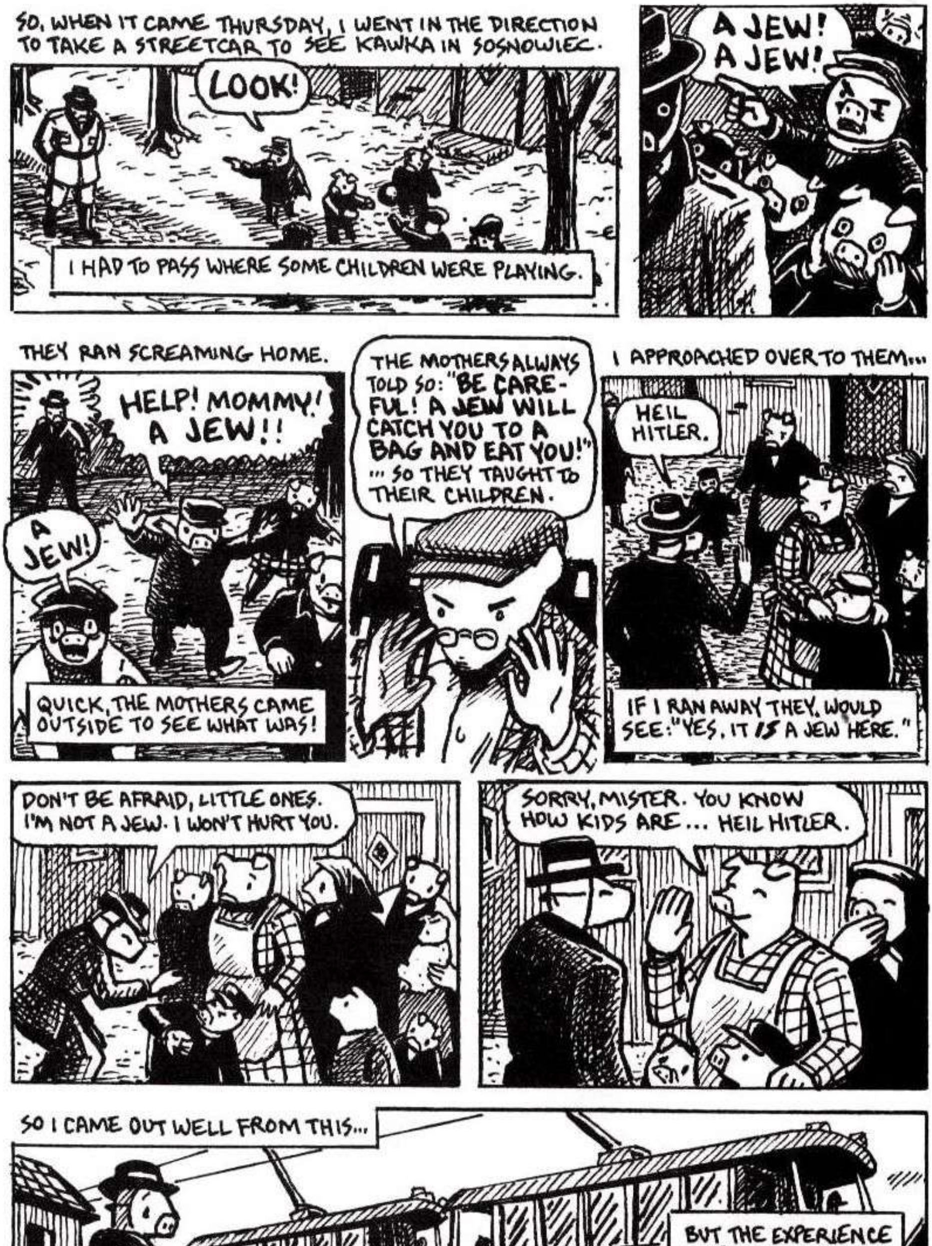
WE'LL WALK TOWARD SOSNOWIEC - AT LEAST WE'LL KNOW OUR WAY AROUND.
ANJA WAS SO AFRAID SHE WAS SHAKING.
STAY CALM - WALK AS IF WE'RE JUST STROLLING... AND SPEAK GERMAN.
FOR HOURS WE WALKED.
B-BESUCHEN WIR DOCH FRAU KAWKA.
GUTE IDEE.
VLADEK-WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED.
RELAX
BUT IF WE TURNED A CORNER, THEY ALSO TURNED.
ES IST KALT.
JA. JA.
OF COURSE I WAS RIGHT - THEY DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING ON US.
WOOSH
THEY JUST WERE WALKING.
STAYING ON THE STREET ALL NIGHT IS TOO DANGEROUS... MAYBE WE CAN HIDE IN THAT CONSTRUCTION SITE.
GOOD - I'M EXHAUSTED.
HERE WAS A FOUNDATION MADE VERY DEEP DOWN IN THE GROUND..
BE CAREFUL!
I JUMPED FIRST IN, AND I PULLED OVER BRICKS FOR ANJA TO STEP DOWN.
AND HERE WE WAITED A COLD FEW HOURS FOR THE DAY.

IT STARTED TO BE LIGHT...
COME. WE WON'T BE NOTICED IF WE MIX WITH PEOPLE OUT ON THE STREET.
I'M SO TIRED AND COLD...
WE CAN REST NOW.
WE CAME FINALLY AGAIN TO THIS PLACE WITH THE COW AND WENT INSIDE.
LATER, KAWKA CAME IN...
W-WHO'S IN HERE?
THE SPIEGELMANS... WE HAD NOWHERE ELSE TO GO.
WELL... I GUESS YOU CAN STAY. BUT, REMEMBER: I DON'T KNOW YOU'RE HERE!
WHY, MRS. SPIEGELMAN, YOU'RE SHIVERING!
YOU CAN COME INTO MY HOUSE FOR AN HOUR OR SO, 'TIL YOU WARM UP.
SHE TOOK ANJA INSIDE AND BROUGHT TO ME SOME FOOD... IN THOSE DAYS I WAS SO STRONG I COULD SIT EVEN IN THE SNOW ALL NIGHT...
THINGS CAN'T BE THIS BAD EVERYWHERE! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO GET OUT OF POLAND!
YOU KNOW, BEFORE I TOOK YOU IN, I HAD A YOUNG MAN AND HIS SON HERE...
TWO PEOPLE I KNOW SMUGGLED THEM INTO HUNGARY. I HEARD HE AND HIS BOY WERE DOING WELL THERE.
HUNGARY! REALLY?!
I'D LIKE TO MEET THOSE SMUGGLERS!

SHE TOLD ME THESE TWO ACQUAINTANCES VISITED OFTEN TO HER ON THURSDAY EVENINGS... TODAY WAS MAYBE A MONDAY...
I DON'T GET IT... WASN'T HUNGARY AS DANGEROUS AS POLAND?
NO. FOR A LONGER TIME IT WAS BETTER THERE IN HUNGARY FOR THE JEWS... BUT THEN, NEAR THE VERY FINISH OF THE WAR, THEY ALL GOT PUT ALSO TO AUSCHWITZ.
I WAS THERE, AND I SAW IT. THOUSANDS- HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF JEWS FROM HUNGARY...
SO MANY, IT WASN'T EVEN ROOM ENOUGH TO BURY THEM ALL IN THE OVENS.
BUT AT THAT TIME, WHEN I WAS THERE WITH KAWKA, WE COULDN'T KNOW THEN.
SO... I WENT NEXT DAY TO DEKERTA STREET TO BUY FOOD...
OH GOD! OH GOD! MR. SPIEGELMAN. YOU'RE ALIVE! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!
MRS. MOTONOWA!
I WANTED TO FIND A NEW CONNECTION TO HIDE US. BUT REALLY I DIDN'T THINK TO FIND AGAIN HER.
PRAISE MARY. YOU'RE SAFE! I COULDN'T SLEEP, I FELT SO GUILTY ABOUT CHASING YOU AND YOUR WIFE OUT.
THE GESTAPO NEVER EVEN CAME TO MY HOUSE. I JUST PANICKED FOR NOTHING.
PLEASE COME BACK AGAIN.
ANJA WAS GLAD OF GOING BACK. AND MOTONOWA ALSO... ALWAYS I PAID HER NICELY.
AND THAT SAME NIGHT WE SAID GOODBYE TO KAWKA AND WENT AGAIN TO SZOPIENICE.

AFTER WE WERE BACK ONLY A SHORT TIME...
WELL, MY HUSBAND WRITES THAT HE'S COMING HOME FOR HIS 10-DAY VACATION.
IF HE KNEW YOU WERE HERE HE'D THROW US ALL OUT. BUT, DON'T WORRY... YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN MY CELLAR.
...I SET UP A MATTRESS... I'LL COME DOWN WHENEVER I CAN.
SO EACH DAY AND NIGHT WE SAT IN SUCH A STORAGE LOCKER...
IN THE DAYS WE WERE AFRAID TO BREATHE — PEOPLE CAME DOWN OFTEN TO THEIR LOCKERS.
AT NIGHT WE COULD MOVE AROUND A LITTLE, BUT IT WAS SOMETHING ELSE DOWN THERE...
AIEEE!
WH-WHAT IS IT?
TH-THERE ARE RATS DOWN HERE!
SHH- CALM DOWN, STOP SCREAMING!
THOSE AREN'T RATS. THEY'RE VERY SMALL. ONE RAN OVER MY HAND BEFORE. THEY'RE JUST MICE!
OF COURSE, IT WAS REALLY RATS. BUT I WANTED ANJA TO FEEL MORE EASY.

BUT, THEN, MOTONOWA STOPPED TO COME DOWN.
IT'S BEEN 3 DAYS SINCE SHE BROUGHT ANY FOOD.
HERE...HAVE ANOTHER CANDY...
I HAD STILL CANDIES I ORGANIZED ON DEKERTA. ONLY THIS WE HAD TO EAT.
ALSO, HERE WE HAD NO PLACE WHERE TO WASH, SO ANJA GOT ON ALL HER SKIN A TERRIBLE RASH.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WORSE- THE HUNGER OR THE ITCHING.
DON'T SCRATCH! IT ONLY- SHH!
CLIK
THE DOOR.
I'M SORRY I COULDN'T GET DOWN BEFORE...MY HUSBAND IS GETTING SUSPICIOUS.
HE ASKED WHY I GO TO THE CELLAR SO OFTEN. HE EVEN ASKED IF I WAS HIDING JEWS HERE! ...HE WAS JOKING, BUT STILL...
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT HERE?
THERE ARE RATS, GIANT RATS! THEY'RE HORRIBLE!
WELL- YOU'RE BETTER OFF WITH THE RATS THAN WITH THE GESTAPO... AT LEAST THE RATS WON'T KILL YOU!
MMM..
AND SHE WAS RIGHT. WE WERE HAPPY EVEN TO HAVE THESE CONDITIONS.
AFTER THE TEN DAYS HER HUSBAND LEFT, AND SHE TOOK US BACK.
IT'S GOOD TO BE "HOME," EH, VLADEK?
IT'S A LOT NICER THAN THAT CELLAR.
BUT I DIDN'T FEEL SAFE HERE. IT WAS TOO MANY WAYS SOMEBODY COULD FIND US OUT. I WANTED TO GO BETTER TO HUNGARY.

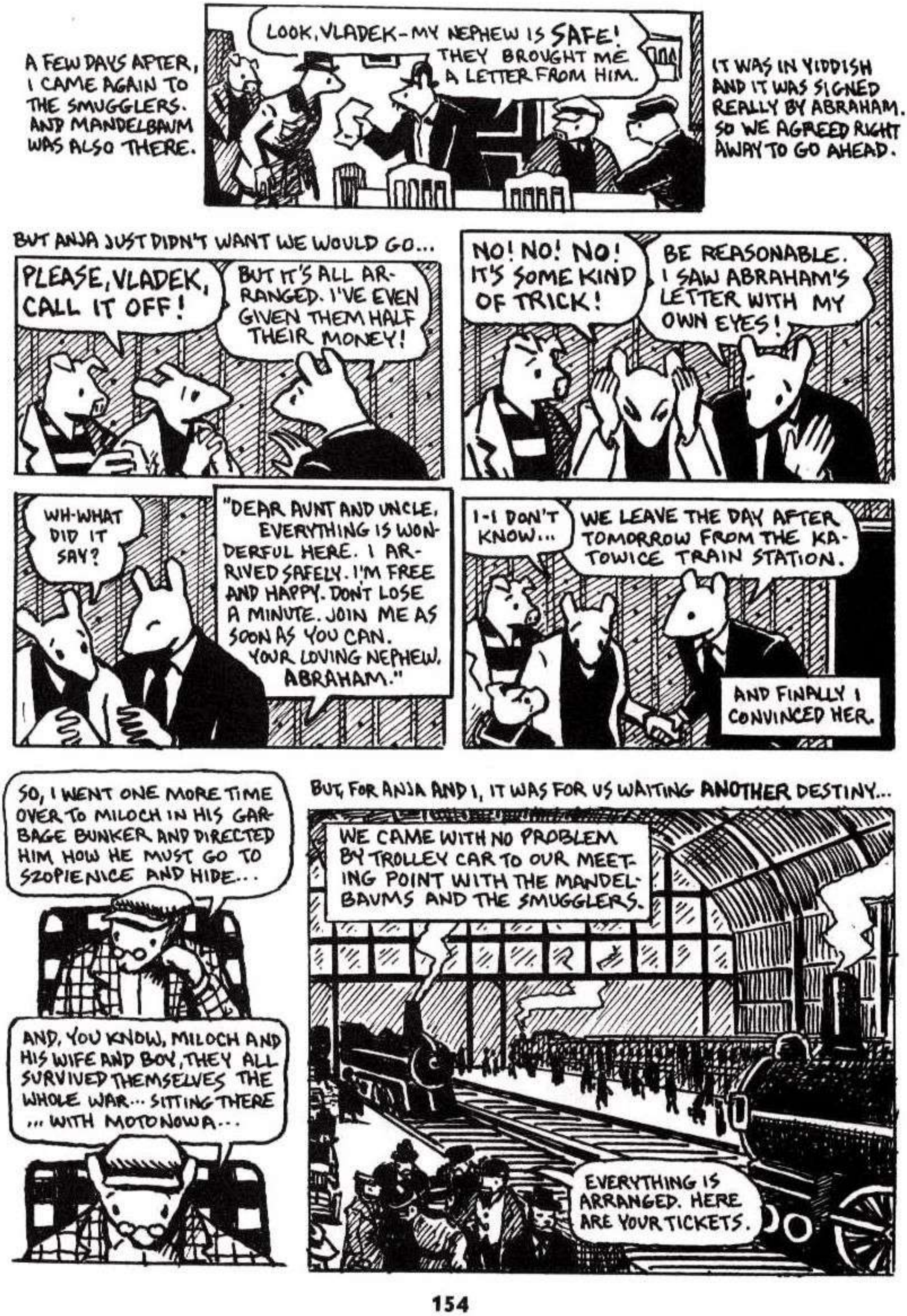

SO, WHEN IT CAME THURSDAY, I WENT IN THE DIRECTION TO TAKE A STREETCAR TO SEE KAWKA IN SOSNOWIEC.
LOOK!
I HAD TO PASS WHERE SOME CHILDREN WERE PLAYING.
A JEW! A JEW!
THEY RAN SCREAMING HOME.
HELP! MOMMY! A JEW!!
A JEW!
QUICK, THE MOTHERS CAME OUTSIDE TO SEE WHAT WAS!
THE MOTHERS ALWAYS TOLD SO: "BE CAREFUL! A JEW WILL CATCH YOU TO A BAG AND EAT YOU!" ... SO THEY TAUGHT TO THEIR CHILDREN.
I APPROACHED OVER TO THEM...
HEIL HITLER.
IF I RAN AWAY THEY WOULD SEE: "YES, IT IS A JEW HERE."
DON'T BE AFRAID, LITTLE ONES. I'M NOT A JEW. I WON'T HURT YOU.
SORRY, MISTER. YOU KNOW HOW KIDS ARE... HEIL HITLER.
SO I CAME OUT WELL FROM THIS...
BUT THE EXPERIENCE COST ME REALLY A LOT OF HAIRS.

WHEN I ARRIVED TO KAWKA, THE TWO SMUGGLERS WERE THERE TOGETHER SITTING IN THE KITCHEN..
PLEASE WAIT IN THE OTHER ROOM. THEY'LL SEE YOU SOON.
MR. MANDELBAUM!
VLADEK SPIEGELMAN!
MANDELBAUM, BEFORE THE WAR OWNED A SWEETS SHOP.
ANJA AND I BOUGHT ALWAYS PASTRIES THERE. HE USED TO BE A VERY RICH MAN IN SOSNOWIEC.
THIS IS MY WIFE...AND YOU KNOW MY NEPHEW.
HELLO, ABRAHAM. WHAT ARE YOU ALL DOING HERE?
BACK WHEN IT WAS THE GHETTO, ABRAHAM WAS A BIG MEMBER OF THE JEWISH COUNCIL.
WE'RE TRYING TO GET OUT OF POLAND -
- TO HUNGARY?! YES. ANJA AND I ARE TRYING TO ARRANGE THAT TOO!
THE SMUGGLERS PROPOSED US HOW THEY WOULD DO.
... AND AT THE BORDER OUR PARTNERS WILL TAKE YOU THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.
WHEW- IT'S RISKY AND VERY EXPENSIVE!
WE SPOKE YIDDISH SO THE POLES DON'T UNDERSTAND.
NIE, VAS DENKST DIE?
YECH KENN DIE FRAU KAWKA, UBER YECH BIN NISH ZICHER VEGEN DIE ZWEI.
So, what do you think?
I know Mrs. Kawka, but I'm not sure about these two.
HERR MECH TSE! YECH GEI KOIDEM MIT ZEI. AZ ALLES VET ZEIN BESEDER, YECH VIL SCHREIBEN TSE DEYER.
Listen! I'll go first. If everything is okay, I'll write back to you.
THE OTHERS WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT A LITTLE LONGER, BUT I'M READY TO GO NOW.
FINE, FINE.
I AGREED WITH MANDELBAUM TO MEET AGAIN HERE. IF IT CAME A GOOD LETTER, WE'LL GO.

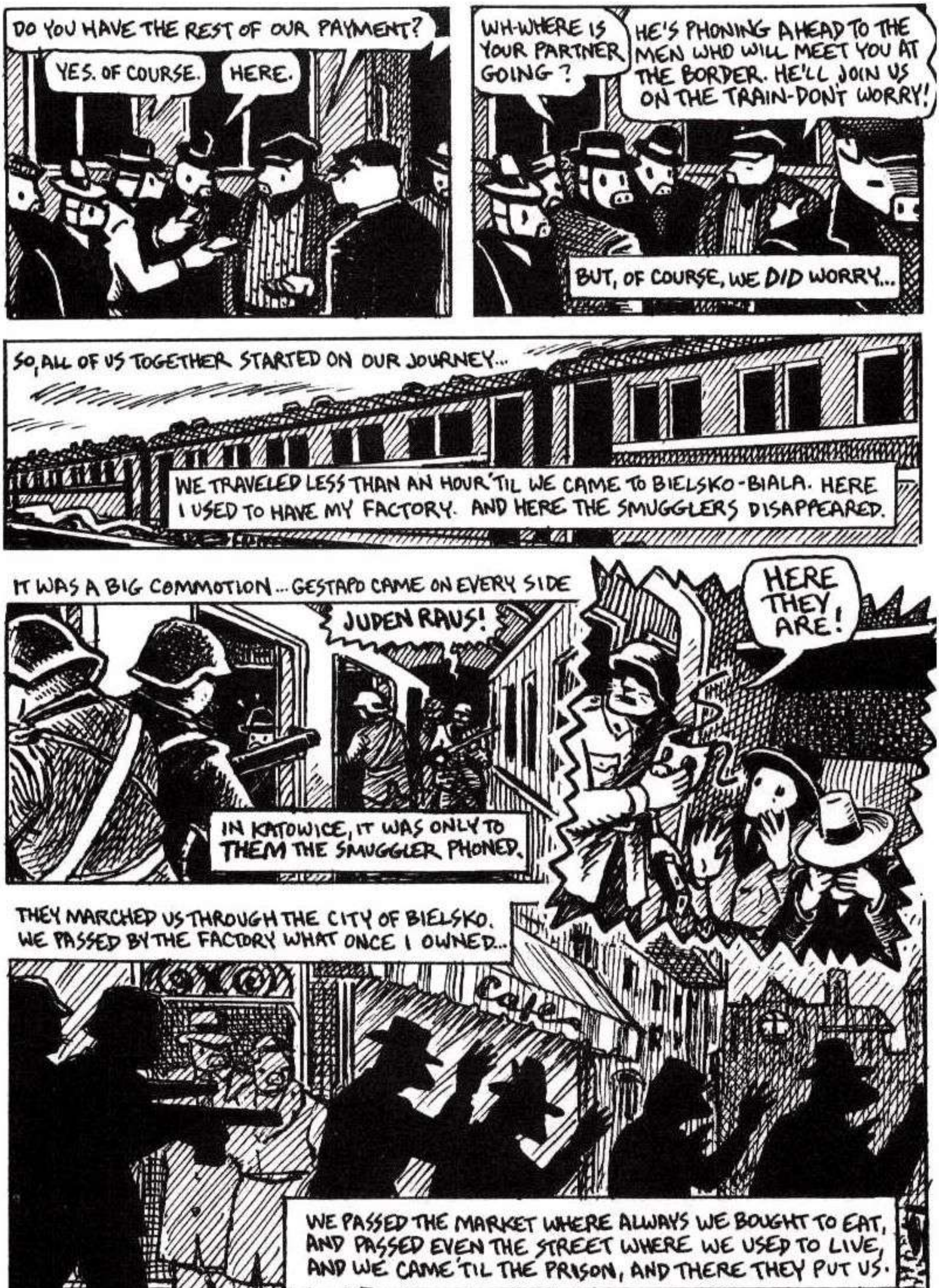
BUT IF EVER I TALKED OF THIS PLAN TO ANJA...
NO, VLADEK! YOU'RE CRAZY! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!
BUT IF WE HEAR FROM ABRAHAM-
WE'RE SAFE HERE- FORGET ABOUT HUNGARY!
BUT WHAT DO WE DO IF THE GESTAPO COMES TO SEARCH FOR ILLEGAL GOODS? ...WHAT IF A NEIGHBOR NOTICES US THROUGH THE KITCHEN WINDOW?...
I'M NOT GOING!
WHAT IF HER HUSBAND FINDS OUT ABOUT US? EVEN THE BOY COULD LET SOMETHING SLIP! ...THIS WAR COULD LAST ANOTHER 4 OR 5 YEARS. WHAT DO WE DO WHEN OUR MONEY RUNS OUT?
PLEASE!
IN HUNGARY WE COULD BE FREE TO WALK THE STREETS AGAIN, LIKE HUMAN BEINGS... I'VE ALWAYS TAKEN CARE OF YOU- TRUST ME.
I'M SO SCARED. =SOB=
DON'T DO IT, MR. SPIEGELMAN- IT'S JUST NOT SAFE! YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THESE SMUGGLERS.
SNF. IT'S LIKE TALKING TO A WALL.
WE WON'T GO UNLESS WE HEAR THAT OUR FRIEND GOT THROUGH.
I'VE HAD AWFUL NIGHTMARES ABOUT YOUR TRIP- PLEASE STAY WITH ME!
SNF
WAIT- NOW WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
-TO VISIT MY COUSIN AND SEE WHERE HE'S HIDING. IF WE DO GO TO HUNGARY, HE MAY BE BETTER OFF HERE WITH YOU!
MILOCH HELPED ME IN SRODULA. MAYBE NOW, IF HE NEEDED, I COULD HELP HIM.

THE JANITOR IN THE HOUSE MILOCH OWNED, SHE HID NOW HIM AND HIS FAMILY; BUT -OH BOY- HE WAS IN A SITUATION WORSE AS I COULD IMAGINE!
I WENT TO THE JANITOR BY TROLLEY
HELLO- I'M MILOCH'S COUSIN, VLADEK.
YES. HE TOLD ME YOU MIGHT COME.
I HAVE SOME COMPANY UPSTAIRS. I CAN'T TAKE YOU TO MILOCH UNTIL THEY LEAVE.
GENTLEMEN. THIS IS MY COUSIN, VLADEK.
HI "CUZ," HAVE A DRINK.
SO WE TALKED, AND THEY BELIEVED I AM HER COUSIN.
WE'RE ALMOST OUT OF VODKA. BRING SOME MORE, MEINKA.
THERE ISN'T ANY.
BAH! SHE'S HIDING HER VODKA!
JUST LIKE SHE'S HIDING JEWS IN HER YARD!
THE JANITOR AND I FROZE OUR BLOOD FROM FEAR...
IF YOU DON'T PUT ANOTHER BOTTLE ON THE TABLE RIGHT AWAY, WE'LL TELL THE GESTAPO ABOUT THE JEWS YOU'RE KEEPING!!
R-RELAX FELLOWS.
HERE'S A FEW MARKS, MEINKA. RUN DOWNSTAIRS AND GET ANOTHER BOTTLE FOR OUR FRIENDS.
'ATTA BOY. HIC.
IN 15 MINUTES SHE CAME WITH A BOTTLE AND THEY WERE HAPPY.
YOU SEE? YOUR COUSIN KNOWS HOW TO ENTERTAIN GUESTS!
TO YOUR HEALTH.
WE DRANK AND WE DRANK- ONLY NEAR MIDNIGHT FINALLY THEY WENT HOME.

I THINK IT'S SAFE TO GO DOWN.
ARE YOU -SNF. CARRYING FOOD FOR MILOCH?
I FED THEM EARLIER. THIS IS JUST TRASH.
THE CONDITIONS HOW MILOCH WAS LIVING-YOU COULDN'T BELIEVE.
...I ALWAYS BRING GARBAGE SO THE NEIGHBORS DON'T GET SUSPICIOUS.
PSST-MILOCH. YOUR COUSIN IS HERE.
?
IN EACH COURTYARD WAS A VERY DEEP HOLE TO THROW IN ALL THE GARBAGE.
INSIDE THIS GARBAGE HOLE WAS HERE SEPARATED A TINY SPACE - MAYBE ONLY 5 FEET BY 6 FEET.
VLADEK! I'M GLAD YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!
MY GOD!
I LOOKED DOWN ONLY FOR A SECOND, BUT IN THERE WAS LIVING MILOCH, HIS WIFE AND THEIR 3-YEARS-OLD BOY.
HOW CAN YOU LIVE THERE? YOU MUST BE FREEZING!
WE HAVE NO CHOICE. AT LEAST OUR BUNKER IS UNDERGROUND..
AND THE DECOMPOSING GARBAGE GIVES SOME HEAT.
BUT PEOPLE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE...
I TOLD HIM MY STORY WITH THESE POLES UPSTAIRS.
WHAT CAN WE DO?
LISTEN-ANJA AND I MAY BE GOING TO HUNGARY!..
I EXPLAINED OUR HIDING PLACE WAS NOT PERFECT, BUT BETTER THAN HIS.
I'LL COME AGAIN WHEN I HAVE MORE NEWS, BUT IT'S VERY LATE NOW - I MUST GET BACK HOME.
AND I WAS LUCKY. NOBODY MADE ME ANY QUESTIONS GOING BACK TO SZOPIENICE.



A FEW DAYS AFTER, I CAME AGAIN TO THE SMUGGLERS. AND MANDELBAUM WAS ALSO THERE.
LOOK, VLADEK - MY NEPHEW IS SAFE! THEY BROUGHT ME A LETTER FROM HIM.
IT WAS IN YIDDISH AND IT WAS SIGNED REALLY BY ABRAHAM. SO WE AGREED RIGHT AWAY TO GO AHEAD.
BUT ANJA JUST DIDN'T WANT WE WOULD GO...
PLEASE, VLADEK, CALL IT OFF!
BUT IT'S ALL ARRANGED. I'VE EVEN GIVEN THEM HALF THEIR MONEY!
NO! NO! NO! IT'S SOME KIND OF TRICK!
BE REASONABLE. I SAW ABRAHAM'S LETTER WITH MY OWN EYES!
WH-WHAT DID IT SAY?
"DEAR AUNT AND UNCLE, EVERYTHING IS WONDERFUL HERE. I ARRIVED SAFELY. I'M FREE AND HAPPY. DON'T LOSE A MINUTE. JOIN ME AS SOON AS YOU CAN. YOUR LOVING NEPHEW, ABRAHAM."
I-I DON'T KNOW...
WE LEAVE THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW FROM THE KATOWICE TRAIN STATION.
AND FINALLY I CONVINCED HER.
SO, I WENT ONE MORE TIME OVER TO MILOCH IN HIS GARBAGE BUNKER AND DIRECTED HIM HOW HE MUST GO TO SZOPIENICE AND HIDE...
AND, YOU KNOW, MILOCH AND HIS WIFE AND BOY, THEY ALL SURVIVED THEMSELVES THE WHOLE WAR... SITTING THERE ... WITH MOTONOWA...
BUT, FOR ANJA AND I, IT WAS FOR US WAITING ANOTHER DESTINY...
WE CAME WITH NO PROBLEM BY TROLLEY CAR TO OUR MEETING POINT WITH THE MANDELBAUMS AND THE SMUGGLERS.
EVERYTHING IS ARRANGED. HERE ARE YOUR TICKETS.


DO YOU HAVE THE REST OF OUR PAYMENT?
YES. OF COURSE.
HERE.
WH-WHERE IS YOUR PARTNER GOING?
HE'S PHONING AHEAD TO THE MEN WHO WILL MEET YOU AT THE BORDER. HE'LL JOIN US ON THE TRAIN-DON'T WORRY!
BUT, OF COURSE, WE *DID* WORRY...
SO, ALL OF US TOGETHER STARTED ON OUR JOURNEY...
WE TRAVELED LESS THAN AN HOUR 'TIL WE CAME TO BIELSKO-BIALA. HERE I USED TO HAVE MY FACTORY. AND HERE THE SMUGGLERS DISAPPEARED.
IT WAS A BIG COMMOTION... GESTAPO CAME ON EVERY SIDE
JUDEN RAUS!
HERE THEY ARE!
IN KATOWICE, IT WAS ONLY TO **THEM** THE SMUGGLER PHONED.
THEY MARCHED US THROUGH THE CITY OF BIELSKO. WE PASSED BY THE FACTORY WHAT ONCE I OWNED...
Cafe
WE PASSED THE MARKET WHERE ALWAYS WE BOUGHT TO EAT, AND PASSED EVEN THE STREET WHERE WE USED TO LIVE, AND WE CAME 'TIL THE PRISON, AND THERE THEY PUT US.

I HAD A SMALL BAG TO TRAVEL. WHEN THEY REGISTERED ME IN, THEY LOOKED OVER EVERYTHING.
WHAT'S THIS? SHOE POLISH??
YES. I LIKE TO KEEP MYSELF NEAT.
WITH A SPOON HE TOOK OUT, LIT-TLE BY LITTLE, ALL THE POLISH.
WELL, WELL... A GOLD WATCH. YOU JEWS ALWAYS HAVE GOLD!
WRAPPED IN FOIL, I KEPT IT HIDDEN THERE... IT WAS MY LAST TREASURE.
IT WAS THIS WATCH I GOT FROM FATHER-IN-LAW WHEN FIRST I MARRIED TO ANJA.
WELL, NEVER MIND... THEY TOOK IT AND THREW ME WITH MANDELBAUM INTO A CELL...
WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT EVER HAP-PENED TO ABRAHAM?
WHO?
AH, MANDELBAUM'S NEPHEW! YES. HE FINISHED THE SAME AS US TO CONCENTRATION CAMP.
-BUT
YES. I'LL TELL YOU HOW IT WAS WITH HIM- BUT NOW I'M TELLING HERE IN THE PRISON...
HERE WE GOT VERY LITTLE TO EAT—MAYBE SOUP ONE TIME A DAY—AND WE SAT WITH NOTHING TO DO.
WHY DON'T THEY PUT US TO WORK LIKE THE REST OF YOU?
IT MEANS YOU WON'T BE HERE VERY LONG...
...EVERY WEEK OR SO A TRUCK TAKES SOME OF THE PRISONERS AWAY.
EXCUSE ME... DO ANY OF YOU KNOW GERMAN?
MY FAMILY JUST SENT ME A FOOD PARCEL. IF I WRITE BACK THEY'LL SEND ANOTHER, BUT WE'RE ONLY ALLOWED TO WRITE GERMAN.
I KNEW WELL TO WRITE GERMAN... SO I WROTE...
IN A SHORT TIME HE GOT AGAIN A PACKAGE...
YOU DID A GREAT JOB! TAKE ANYTHING YOU WANT FOR YOU AND YOUR FRIEND!
IT WAS EGGS THERE... IT WAS EVEN CHOCOLATES. ...I WAS VERY LUCKY TO GET SUCH GOODIES!

A FEW DAYS LATER THE TRUCKS CAME. THEY PUSHED IN MAYBE 100 OF US.
ONE MORE TIME I WAS TOGETHER WITH ANJA.
HERE, DARLING. I HAVE A PRESENT FOR YOU...
EGGS?! CAKE??? WHAT? HOW?...
I HAD STILL THINGS I GOT BY WRITING THIS LETTER.
NO...YOU KEEP IT... I'M NOT HUNGRY.
HERE... AT LEAST TAKE HALF FOR LATER.
WE CAME TO THE TOWN OF OSWIECIM... BEFORE THE WAR I SOLD TEXTILES HERE.
AND WE CAME HERE TO THE CONCENTRATION CAMP AUSCHWITZ, AND WE KNEW THAT FROM HERE WE WILL NOT COME OUT ANYMORE...
WE KNEW THE STORIES-THAT THEY WILL GAS US AND THROW US IN THE OVENS. THIS WAS 1944... WE KNEW EVERYTHING. AND HERE WE WERE.

MY GOD.
YES. SO IT WAS...
...AND WHEN THEY OPENED THE TRUCK, THEY PUSHED MEN ONE WAY, WOMEN TO THE OTHER WAY...
ANJA AND I WENT EACH IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION, AND WE COULDN'T KNOW IF EVER WE'LL SEE EACH OTHER ALIVE AGAIN.
THIS IS WHERE MOM'S DIARIES WILL BE ESPECIALLY USEFUL. THEY'LL GIVE ME SOME IDEA OF WHAT SHE WENT THROUGH WHILE YOU WERE APART.
I CAN TELL YOU ... SHE WENT THROUGH THE SAME WHAT ME: TERRIBLE!
IT'S GETTING COLD. WHY DON'T WE GO UPSTAIRS AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND HER NOTEBOOKS...
NO... I LOOKED ALREADY...
...IT'S JUST NOT TO FIND ANYMORE!
WELL... LET'S CHECK OUT THE GARAGE. YOU'VE GOT LOADS OF STUFF IN THERE.
NO. YOU'LL NOT FIND IT. BECAUSE I REMIND TO MYSELF WHAT HAPPENED...
THESE NOTEBOOKS, AND OTHER REALLY NICE THINGS OF MOTHER... ONE TIME I HAD A VERY BAD DAY... AND ALL OF THESE THINGS I DESTROYED.
YOU WHAT?

AFTER ANJA DIED I HAD TO MAKE AN ORDER WITH EVERYTHING... THESE PAPERS HAD TOO MANY MEMORIES. SO I BURNED THEM.
YOU BURNED THEM?
CHRIST! YOU SAVE TONS OF WORTHLESS SHIT, AND YOU...
YES, IT'S A SHAME! FOR YEARS THEY WERE LAYING THERE AND NOBODY EVEN LOOKED IN.
DID YOU EVER READ ANY OF THEM?... CAN YOU REMEMBER WHAT SHE WROTE?
NO. I LOOKED IN, BUT I DON'T REMEMBER... ONLY I KNOW THAT SHE SAID, "I WISH MY SON, WHEN HE GROWS UP, HE WILL BE INTERESTED BY THIS."
GOD DAMN YOU! YOU-YOU MURDERER! HOW THE HELL COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING!!
ACH
TO YOUR FATHER YOU YELL IN THIS WAY?... EVEN TO YOUR FRIENDS YOU SHOULD NEVER YELL THIS WAY!
BUT, I'M TELLING YOU, AFTER THE TRAGEDY WITH MOTHER, I WAS SO DEPRESSED THEN, I DIDN'T KNOW IF I'M COMING OR I'M GOING!
I'M SORRY.
LOOK, POP. IT'S GETTING LATE. I'D BETTER GET HOME...
COME FIRST UPSTAIRS FOR A LITTLE COFFEE.
NO... REALLY. I'D BETTER GET GOING RIGHT AWAY...
SO... TELEPHONE TO ME... YOU SHOULD VISIT HERE MORE OFTEN-DON'T BE SUCH A STRANGER!
SURE... YOU BET! SO LONG.
...MURDERER.

"Spiegelman portrays the Nazis as cats, the Jews as mice, the Poles as pigs and the Americans as dogs. They are all terrifyingly human. This is comic strip art which has nothing to do with Tom and Jerry. Anyone moved by Briggs's *When the Wind Blows* ... will appreciate Spiegelman's genius for dealing with a subject many would say cannot be dealt with at all"
– *The Times*

"You need be neither a Jew nor a death-camp ghoul to be moved. Anyone who has ever tried to understand the mystery of their parents, and how the 20th century has treated them, will find in *Maus* a key that turns the lock"
– Ian Jack in the *Observer*

"This intensely personal account of a family's survival, of hair-breadth escapes and incarceration, deals artfully with experiences and emotions that many might fervently wish to forget. Of how, when life is stripped to subsistence level, trust and betrayal take on unprecedented dimensions... In the tradition of Aesop and Orwell, it serves to shock and impart powerful resonance to what, after all, is a well documented subject. And the artwork is so accomplished, forceful and moving, without resorting to sentimentality, that it *works*" – *Time Out*

"*Maus* memorialises Spiegelman's father's experience of the Holocaust – it follows his story, frame by frame, from youth and marriage in pre-war Poland to imprisonment in Auschwitz ... The 'survivor's tale' that results is stark and unembellished... One of the clichés about the Holocaust is that you can't imagine it – like nuclear war, its horror outfaces the artistic imagination. Spiegelman disproves that theory"
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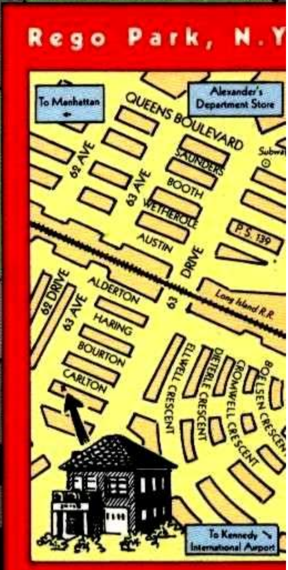
"The best cartoon book I have ever read. There is not a wasted word or a wasted line in it. Very direct, very powerful, very moving" – Steve Bell

"A very moving book about a subject so terrible it is almost impossible to comprehend. *Maus* proves that the strip cartoon is a medium just as good as the novel or film. A great achievement" – Raymond Briggs

Art Spiegelman, born in Stockholm in 1948, is co-editor of *Raw*, the internationally acclaimed magazine of avant-garde comics and graphics. His work has been published in the *New York Times*, *Playboy*, the *Village Voice*, and many other periodicals in the U.S. and abroad. He has received Europe's highly respected Yellow Kid Award for his work on *Maus*, and also *Playboy's* 1982 Editorial Award. A teacher at New York's School of Visual Arts, he lives in New York, where he is currently at work on *Maus*, Part II: "From Mauschwitz to the Catskills."

Cover illustration and design by Art Spiegelman

"A remarkable work, awesome in its conception and execution...at one and the same time a novel, a documentary, a memoir, and a comic book. Brilliant, just brilliant." —Jules Feiffer



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AUST. $16.95
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ISBN 0-14-010414-3
9 780140 104141
900